Mary E. Wolf

Poems

Presented to the children of The Morning Star, a small school for small children in Wheat Ridge, Colorado, sometime in the 1970's.

38 typewritten pages

Mary was a poet and healer who lived across the street from the school.

She was married to Fred Wolf, a chiropractor. He did his healing work in the downstairs of their home. She did her healing work over a cup of tea, while Fred's patients waited their turn on the couch in the living room.

She also presented the school with a short story, "The Story of Coatlalupej."

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Meditation on a Rosebud

Dear little rosebud baby mine,
Pink petals tightly curled,
Sleep awhile in the warm sunshine;
Dream of a new spring world.

Soft breezes rocked you off to sleep
Birds sang your lullabye.
Soon you'll wake from your slumber deep
Kissed by a butterfly.

Estralita

There is a radiant little star
So far out in the sky,
And it can see you where you are
Though it's away up high.

God put it in the blue up there
To glow in heaven at night.
God put you here its flame to share
And be his little light.

Right here you are a shining star,
You laugh and sing and play.
A little lamp on Earth you are
To light us on our way.

Enchantment at Sunrise

Did you ever look out on a snow-powdered world,
Have you seen tiny diamonds fall out of the sky?
To each leaflet and twig clings a gown of rare lace,
Dazzling spun-sugar crystals float down from on high.

Heavenly angels take star-dust and sprinkle it down;
Elves and fairies throw kisses as they tiptoe by.
Glistening treasures of beauty o'er all softly fall
As the Sun weaves a spell from a cloud's gentle sigh.

New Year

Here's another year, my Friend, for you,
With the chance to make your dreams come true.
There'll be sunny days with cloudy skies,
Time to do great deeds or win a prize.
You may plan a trip to far-off lands,
Or talk to someone who understands.
There's a chance your worldly goods to share,
And to show someone you truly care,
Choose the time to meditate and pray,
Or to help the lost along the way.
You'll find days to work and sing and smile,
There'll be time to rest and dream awhile.

Take this moment ere it pass away--
Start a glorious year anew today.

Adam

For me You made the glorious sun
To give its warmth and light.
For me You made the firmament,
Created day and night.

For me You put the silvery moon
And stars to light the sky.
For me You made the surging sea
And rugged mountains high.

For me, the gentle beasts to tend
By waters cool and clear.
The singing birds and flowers gay
My treasures, You placed here.

From You and all You gave I turned.
With heart no longer free,
I'm weeping, weary, cold, a-thirst.
Kind Father, pity me.

A Word of Solace

My dear Friend--
The last breath
Gentle and warm
Like a sigh wafts aside
The curtain
That hangs between life
And eternity.
He who passes through
Its myriad folds
Takes but one step
To enter the promised realm
And to find that which is beyond
All human understanding.

Mom's Journeys

When Mom sits down to iron our clothes
(How she gets there nobody knows;
We'll never know how she arose.)
They'll find her on the Sphinx's nose.

We'll just bid her a fond good bye
And know she's flying through the sky.
To climb Mount Everest she will try;
Then dine in Rome on pizza pie.

She floats in barges down the Nile,
She follows Paris' fads and style,
Dances the Danube waltz awhile,
Then lets the Genie from its vial.

At L'Opera she heard them sing;
A Persian cat to us she'll bring.
The Incas gave her a gold ring;
And then she met an Arab king.

With dew she'll wash a flower's face,
While wandering to a far off place.
She'll Polo's journey try to trace
And stop to buy a Chinese vase.

How does she manage while she works
To eat sweet candy with the Turks,
Drink Swedish coffee when it perks
And find out where the sea squid lurks?

Her thoughts take wings while she irons clothes.
The world is hers; its joys its woes.
God made it all. And this she knows--
She feels at home where e'er she goes.

Cupboard Cowboy

I opened up my cupboard door
And what did I chance to see?
The horses that I tend each day
From the shelves looked out at me.

I made a sandwich for myself,
And found my pet thoroughBRED.
The label on the jar of jam--
It said STRAWBERRY roan instead.

I found a basket on the shelf
And there in with all the fruit
The APPALoosa reared its head.
In the pan, a PIEbald cute.

My CHESTNUT horse I found at once;
With all the nuts he'd be.
And there among the cans of spice
The proud BAYleaves I did see.

I shook my little piggybank,
And out rolled a QUARTER horse;
And 'way down on the bottom shelf
Was a little PAINT, of course.

For My Valentine

I have some very special friends,
With kind hearts, brave and true;
So I shall make a valentine
And say, "It's just for you."

Now first I'll take a crimson cloud
I'll find when the day breaks
And weave around the edge of it
A garland of snowflakes.

A wisp of moon, a twinkling star
I'll pluck, right from the sky,
And then add to my valentine
A morning zephyr's sigh.

I can't find any crocuses
A-peeking through the snow.
The pussy willows aren't out yet
Down by the creek, I know.

But Sandy told me I could have
A bunny soft and white
That has a wriggley little nose
To add to your delight.

My valentine is very gay
And pretty as can be;
For perched a-top each perky bow
There chirps a chick-d-dee.

For Cupid's arrow I must look.
To suit that archer bold
I searched and searched, and then I found
An icicle, so cold.

Now I must find some perfume rare
It's odor to impart.
The smell of pies a-baking will
Be sure to win your heart.

And last I'll add a little verse
With wishes kind and true
And give it to my dearest ones
To show that "I love you!"

There was a sweet lady named Bette,
Who said she'd eat only spaghetti.
Now her husband called Bob,
Preferred corn on the cob.
So they dine every night on confetti.

When little worries cloud your mind,
Stop! Be kind.
When little sorrows make you sad,
Smile! Be glad.

A helping hand makes burdens lighter,
A happy face makes days seem brighter.

In radiance will all be clad;
You were glad.
And joy in every heart you'll find;
You were kind.

Hush, my baby,
Oh, my darling,
See who gathers 'round your bed--
Wooly sheep and little lambkins,
Soft-eyed calves
And donkeys gaze.

In the manger hay enfolds you
As the gentle beasts stand by.

Here it's warm and safe,
My sweet one,
While overhead there gleams a star--
And angels hover near.

Christmas 1960

Moonlight Magic

Diamonds!
Come and fill your pockets
And purses pack with treasures bright.

Diamonds!
Sift them through your fingers
Rare, sparkling jewels for your delight.

Diamonds!
Glistening there before me
A-fire with moonlight's radiant glow.

Diamonds!
I saw from my window
On frosted icey-cold blue snow.

Diamonds!
Treasures of enchantment
Mined from the depths of Saturn, Mars.

Diamonds!
At my feet were sparkling--
A galaxy of twinkling stars.

When you look up into a bright blue sky
And chance to see a little white cloud
You might think that he is lonely there.

Grieve not for his solitude.

In a little while
His companions, white or gray,
Are clustered about him,
Banding together,
And scurrying like flocks of wooly sheep
In their journey to new pastures
Across the sky.

Delicious!

This morning when I looked outside,
Much to my great surprise,
My yard was heaped high with meringue
To make a thousand pies.

My meadow was a giant dish.
I thought, as in a dream,
Snow fairies at their work last night
Had filled it with ice cream.

They'd sprinkled powdered sugar down;
And every little breeze
Spun circus cotton-candy puffs
Upon my tall pine trees.

They'd made a lot of fresh whipped cream
From tiny soft somwflakes,
And piled it high upon the roofs
Like frosting on huge cakes.

They'd made for me white things I like--
Marshmallows and corn--popped.
They'd known how hungry I would be
Before the big storm stopped.

Martyrs

All we know
Is the dark and lonely path
That we must follow
Though stones may bruise
And thorns may tear.

All that we see
Is His radiant glory
Though our eyes blinded be
By the white-hot brand.

All that we hear
Is His loving call
Though voice of man
May chide and scoff.

All that we feel
Is His guiding hand's clasp
Though flame of fire
May sear our flesh.

All this we bear
In Your stead,
Son of Man,
For the Glory of God.

11

Hear the little children's voices
Raised in sweet
Melodious song
Carol of his wondrous birthday,
That He came
To right all wrong;

Sing the words of praise and gladness,
Love of God
And brothers all,
Tell of angels, shepherds, wisemen;
Star above
A lowly stall.

Yet we wonder while we listen
As they sing
The aged song,
Did He come into the stable
With the ox,
Angelic throng;

In his hands a longed for present,
Tinselled toys
And glittering trees
For the little singing children
At his crib
On bended knees?

"No! The treasure, Oh my loved ones,
Children hold
While your hearts cry
Is the gift to heal Earth's sadness--
Sing with them
For here am I."

Christmas 1958

The Little Candle

Why weepest thou, little candle?
Your flame is so pure and so bright;
You should be proud, lovely candle,
That you are the giver of light.

Do you not know, little candle,
You're weeping your dear life away?
Oh, could I be, glorious candle,
A little like you are today.

I too must weep, little candle,
My soul must be washed white as snow.
You give your light, precious candle,
That I, too, might live in its glow.

Soon you'll be gone, little candle;
Your essence will live up above
Part of the light, lovely candle,
And brilliance of God's perfect love.

Now I know why, little candle,
Your sweet tears forever must fall.
They're tears of joy, gracious candle;
You're happy to give light to all.

("Behold a candle how it gives its light.
It weeps its life away drop by drop in order to
give forth its flame of light"--Abdu'l-Baha)

First Easter Morn

Silently a Hand rolls the stone away,
Attending angels wake the zephyrs
With the rustle of their wings.
Gently the cool fingers of the dawn
Brush the mists of sleep
From my eyes.
Melodious birds sing sweet hosannas
O'er my head;
Bright blossoms reflect the radiance
Of my re-waking.

One moment I must tarry on the path
Whose stones will no more
Bruise my feet.
Hark!
They come--
Will it be known
That I am He?

Avatar

Tender as the shepherd caring for the newborn lamb,
Pure as the crystal waters of a murmuring brook,
Fair as the new-blown petals on the blosomming vine,
Gentle as the dew that bedecks with jewels the spider's web,
Kind as the drops of rain laving the parched and thirsty Earth,
Noble as the majestic mountain's lofty height,
Strong as the pounding of the surf on rocky shore,
Mystical as the attar of the rose,
Radiant as the morning star resplendent in the pre-dawn sky,
He said, "Behold, all these signs are manifest in me!"

Supplication

Oh, could I worthy be
That I might accept from Thee
All that thy hand has to offer.

Pour over me thy glory, Oh God;
I would reflect the radiance of thy perfection.

Wash me, Oh God, in the river of thy bounty;
I would be cleansed in heart and mind and soul.

Shower down upon me thy blessings, Oh God;
I would grow as a flower in the garden of thy wisdom.

Blow upon me, Oh God, with thy winds of truth;
I would stand firm and steadfast in thy word.

Fill me with the fire of thy love, Oh God;
I would glow as a brilliant star in thy illumined sky.

Suffuse me, Oh God, with thy holiness;
That I might be filled with thy spirit.

Oh could I humble be,
That the gifts Thou gavest me
I, too, might offer in thy name.

In Reply

I am thy God; there is no God but Me.
I am thy God; my hand created thee.
Perfect the world I placed beneath thy feet.
Wondrous the fruits I gave, thy needs to meet.

Why seekest thou another God but Me?
Ye search for God with eyes that cannot see
That I made all--the brown, the black, the white.
That I loved all, and gave to them the right

To search for truth, their wisdom to increase,
Establish justice, choose the path to peqce.
My gifts ye take; yet more I offer thee.
Take thou my light and guide my own to Me.

I love you
God, my Creator and Father
Jesus, my Lord and Master
My brother Man--
My neighbor
My teacher
My mate
My child
My family
My friends
My supervisor
My rival
My enemy.

Honestly, Do I?
I hope I do
I think I do
I'm trying to.

Help me, my Lord.

From out the vast eons of time
This day belongs to you.
Yours are the mountain heights sublime
And stars in heaven' s blue.

Yours are the treasures God rewards
To those who stand apart.
So open wide the door that guards
Your full and loving heart.

He'll brush the teardrops from your eyes
He'll waft your cares away.
Take now the gifts that God supplies.
These pearls are yours today

To light the glorious lamp of love
And guide the lonely soul,
To gather manna from above
And fill the beggar's bowl,

To scatter with your gentle hands
The flowers of tenderness,
To lead the lost in desert lands
Out of the wilderness.

Then turn anew to God each day
His joy and peace to share.
He'll light your footsteps in his Way,
He'll listen to your prayer.

Since I am being filled to overflowing with the gifts of love, joy and peace, it is encumbent upon me to pass them on to my neighbors in order to glorify my Father. Then to complete the cycle, I must return the essence of these treasures to their Source with thanksgiving.

Stand tall in your grandeur,
Oh Mountain--
Pillar of strength
And refuge of God's creatures
With the power of thunder and lightning
Reverberating about you.

You are a child of your mother, Earth
And a symbol of your brother, Man--
Bathed in rain
Blanketed in snow
Clothed in green
Necklaced with clouds
Crowned with stars
Made vibrant by the Moon
Illumined by the Sun.

Deep within you
Lies a heart of gold
With the memory of being humbled
by fire.

I am the clay ready for the molding
I am a vessel to be filled
A scroll to be written upon
And a lamp to be lit.
I am a song ready to be sung.

Mold me
Fill me
Enscribe me
Light me
And sing my song, Oh gracious Lord.
Amen.

As a channel for my Father to do his works
Using my hands what can He do
Using my feet where can He go
Using my tongue what can He say
Using my ears what can He hear
Or my eyes, what can He see
If my mind be the dam that holds back the stream?

So I call on my Master to be the dynamite
And may my heart be the fuse
To open the flow.

By which "I" does my fellow-man know me?
Do I praise God and then curse my brother,
Do I give tithes regularly and then turn my back on those in want,
Do I accept the wine at the communion and then get drunk at the bar,
Do I pat my friend on his back and then at home hit my dog,
Do I love my family and at the same time hate my next-door neighbor,
When the Artist paints my portrait
Will the Christ(ian) show through?

How beautiful are the treasures given to me each today!
Mine is the candle glowing with the light
The challice overflowing with the life
The censor giving out the fragrance of thy love.

How can I thank Thee in humility
When my heart is bursting with joy?

All of God's earthly creatures are like angels, because without questioning they obey his patterns--the rising and the setting of the Sun, the mating of the birds each spring, the blossoming and fruition of the trees, the labor of the honey bee, the opening of the petals of the rose.

Man, as the supreme creation of God, can, like the angels, follow his plan, but in his capacity for choosing to do God's will, he may through grace emulate the Christ-like perfection and become his divine son.

"This is the day which the Lord has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it."

It's a day of life and a day of growth,
A day of love and a day of joy,
Beginning with light and ending in peace.
We rejoice at its coming and give thanks at its end;
Then in God let us rest till the new day comes.

Soar as a bird in the clouds so high,
As a butterfly flit from flower to flower.
Hover like a bee in search of life's nectar
Or drift like the down from a cottonwood tree.
Oh fly free, my spirit, and reach for the Sun--
Fly, fly, fly!

Cherished by the Earth
Loved by the Sun
Caressed by soft breezes
Kissed by a butterfly
So unfolds a rose.

Having faith as a grain of mustard seed means that the seed had faith so great that it sensed that it would become a tree.

This does not pertain to our having faith greater than the size of the seed but to the greatness of the desire in ourselves to reach its fulfillment.

Could it be that when a dream is shattered
The ego is the part of Man that feels the blow?
Is it the "I" that cries?
Man's spirit then gathers up the broken pieces
And fashioning them anew, creates a brighter vision
More firmly in accord with the Master's plan,
Then the "I" through the mists glimpses a star.

I asked how I could find the Way;
Jesus said, "Take up thy cross and follow me."

I asked my Master to guide me;
He answered, "My Father's Word is a light unto thy path and a lamp unto thy feet."

I asked how I could serve;
He replied, "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul and with all thy mind and thy neighbor as thyself."

Good morning, it's a beautiful day
For in the shadow of God's night
Angels of contentment, certainty and confidence hovered nearby.
While at faith's altar, hope lighted a candle
And in God's love we rested.

In the shadow of God's night
Some are resting
Some are sleeping
Some are dreaming.

In the matrix of God's night
Some are waiting
Some are listening
Some are anticipating
Their rebirth.

When I have completed the unfolding
When the opened petals at last
Show my heart to the Sun
Let me radiate this flower's fragrance too.

In the image of God, Man was created from the Earth,
So too is the Earth God's image.

We speak of the breath of spring
the brow of a hill
a finger of land
the mouth of a river
the heart of the Earth
the eyes of night.

In God's gardens we find the vein of a leaf
a cactus' sharp spine
a head of cabbage
the skin of an onion
the eyes of a potato
and ears of corn.

Could it be that the Earth and Man are brothers
Or is the Earth the mother of Man?

According to the Psalmist, "His angels have charge over me" and "wherever I go God is there."
Jesus said, "Lo, I am with you always".
How can I stray, where can I wander, how can I get lost when these heavenly companions are ever by my side?

If we are finely tuned to the harmony of our Father, our instruments will vibrate to every beautiful tone in God's universe.

May this harp also, be stroked by the hand of the Master to join the celestial symphony.

It is almost overwhelming when one senses
That he is used as a channel for his Father's love.
Even when this channel is at times bent and twisted
    Sometimes clogged
    Sometimes rusted
    Sometimes worn away
    Or broken
In his eyes it is usable
And that is all that is necessary.

We reach out to touch the hem of thy garment as the woman of faith
Did long ago
Forgetting that "thou art as near to us as our hands and feet".
But that is still too far away!

One day we shall sense being even closer to our Master.
At that time we shall look deep into our inner being
And find that He has been there all the time
If we had only realized.

Let us "make a joyful noise unto the Lord".
Let us sing hallelujahs to our Father
And hosannas to our God.
Let us "rejoice evermore"
In songs of praise and hymns of thanksgiving.
But let us hope also
That He will be able to hear our still, small voice
And not be overwhelmed by our exuberance.

Since this vessel is filled to over-flowing
With blessings from the Father,
The time is now
That I must share these gifts.

Let me light my brother's candle in his gloom
Let me offer him a cup to quench his thirst
Let me be the source of peace he searches for
Let me be the salve to ease his wounds
Let me be the servant of my Master
And a comfort to my brother in his need.

To comprehend the beauty of light, one should see how a prism breaks it down into its component colors. A rainbow, in its beauty of manifestation in the heavens, is the grandest display of this of this light breakdown. Have you seen a rainbow captured in a calcite crystal from the heart of the Earth? Have you seen a rainbow in a dewdrop shining in the morning Sun?

Imagine the transcendent beauty of the One who said, "I am the Light of the world"! Imagine the iridescence of this light in our hearts!

Try Instant Praise!
It works 2 ways--
When applied to our Lord it works wonders upon the person
who is applying it.
Extra Bonus!
New life, renewed health, peace of mind;
It brings out hidden beauty.
Start using it today.
It's FREE!
Pass some on to your neighbor.

God is the tree; my mind is the fruit.
Are the seeds within me waiting for my maturity in order to come forth as thoughts of joy, peace and love?

God, my Creator, ages ago breathed into me the breath of life and I became a living soul. With every inspiration and expiration of this breath, I repeat his sacred and holy name.

From clouds that remind us of soft PILLOWS
Rain comes down in SHEETS
And snow BLANKETS the Earth.
Pleasant dreams o'er the winter
As you sleep in your BEDS,
My beautiful flowers.

This is a golden moment of supreme delight. Our home is permeated with the odor of the cooking of fresh-picked concord grapes. A wind-chime is sweetly tinkling outside my open door as each passing zephyr touches it. Glancing through my window, I glimpse a spider's web (that fabled gossamar wing) gleaming in flickering golden iridescence as it catches the Sun.

For an instant sight, hearing and the sense of smell are touched by the subtle manifestations of the splendor created for our senses to enjoy.

The prophet Isaiah said, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace." He saw their radiance. He knew that the Path they walked to the mountain's summit was lighted with the footsteps of the chosen ones along the Way. Each footprint glowed while the Earth vibrated in response.

Do we sense the significance when we ask to tread this Path? Do we realize that we will assume their illumination?

Today I sought humility. Did I realize that humility is a somber cloak to cover my arrogance and pride? Once put on, this garment will become part of me and with the wearing must become a robe of light.

There is a difference in our Father's mind concerning our wants and our needs. We cry to Him when we want help. In reality, that which we need is his leading. We accept his guidance according to his will. Our Father takes care of our daily needs.

Therefore, before we ask, we should determine whether it is something that we want or that we need.

Reach out beyond your limitations to touch the God within you.

Do you know about that bushel I keep my light hidden under some times? Well, somehow or other it got turned over and now it's so full of blessings that my light can perch on top of them and now radiate these blessings to you.

It is not difficult to believe that God is always there if one has prayed to Him from childhood, thinking of Him as being in heaven. However, it is an awakening from a dream when one realizes that as our Father, He is always here watching and waiting, because we are his children whom He loves, as manifestations of his creation in his image.

God the Creator took the gases of the elements out of the blackness of the void and created all that there is, was and ever shall be.

To express Himself, in his image He created Man from the dust of the newborn planet.

For growing things He made the microcosm of a seed knowing it contained the macrocosm of a tree with the possibility of future seeds ad infinitum.
How incomprehensible is this idea in the mind of finite Man!
How certain this thought in the plan of its Creator!

Christ Jesus performed the act of healing and then He said, "Go, and sin no more."

When the question is asked as to why a person who is bedridden or who has a terrible disease should be told to sin no more, the answer is that he may have been sinning against himself in his mind through wrong thoughts, fear, anger or worry. He may have been his own victim.

"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

Let my heart sing
Echoing thy Word with paeans of praise.
Let my mind rest
In abiding acceptance and calmness of certitude.
Let my soul glow
With radiance divine in mirrored reflection.
Let my life be
Filled with thy peace and thy joy overwhelming.

Oh let this be
In thy loving service,
Oh Lord, my beloved.

Oh gracious Lord, Thou who continuously opens vistas and paths leading to unimagined beauty and grandeur, hear my plea. Open Thou to me the gates of servitude so that I may anticipate and fill my brother's need.

"And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

Even a seed is not content in the moist, warm darkness of the Earth. (He slept while in the matrix of the ripening fruit.)

This phoenix emerges, impelled to reach for the Sun with growth of stem, of branch, of leaf, till the pattern of maturity in God is experienced through his bursting into bloom. He sings now a song of beauty and fragrance in his joy.

Positive-negative; masculine-feminine meet because of a foraging insect or a wandering breeze. So the life force begins again, encased in a new womb; impelled by destiny. (Or is it our Father's pattern for re-creation?)

At which stage of growth did he find God? Did he always have this knowing? Perhaps a plant or a tree is like an angel and man is the only creature who strives.

At its maturity, an orange appeals completely to all of man's senses.

We see the radiant light of its color.
We feel the distinctive texture of its covering,
We smell the delight of its fragrance,
We taste the lusciousness of its flesh,
And in quietude we may sense the hearing of the hum of its living energy so that we may with pleasure pluck the fruit from its tree in response to its need that the seed of life may be brought forth from the fruit.

The hills wore their robes of flaming golden fire
Then set them aside at dusk.
The clouds then chose these dazzling gowns
To clothe the glory of the setting Sun
In its journey to the dawn. (Fall colors)

Are you alive
Do you waken with joy
Does every breath revitalize each body cell?
Do you anticipate the new day
Do you radiate love
Does each challenge set you tingling
Do you feel the glow
Are you at peace?

Then you are living.

In the beginning God created
And his pattern is still being manifested
He breathed into these souls the breath of life
There is no end to this life
Merely a transition from one plane to another.

Since the time of creation, man has called his God by many names--Ra, Krishna, Brahma, Allah, Yaweh,
Whispering the Name in prayer
Calling the Name in anguish
Singing the Name in praise.

Then from Christ Jesus we received a more beautiful Name for our God.

With love, confidence and reverence we can say as a child,
"Our Father",
Knowing He hears and does respond.

Father, my Father, our Father.

One's body is the temple of the Father-God
Fashioned of the finest clay
Molded by time.
His sanctuary is the precious ruby of our being
Which must be faceted and polished
By the tools of life
Upon each individual soul.

The tomb could not have held back
The emerging Power that it contained;
The rocks would have melted.
So also the Easter lily cannot withhold its fragrance;
And we cannot contain our radiance when the lamp is lit.

Light meets infinite Light,
Life returns to infinite Life, Love becomes infinite Love.

Easter 1973

Let everything I do today be an act of love
Let my thoughts come from the Mind of God
Let every step I take light the path of him who follows me
Let all that I see be beautiful
Let every sound I hear be in harmony
Let every word I say be a prayer
And let me be a blessing.
Thus I am glorifying my Father.

Our Father looks over his world and sees lights like stars
shining from our souls in the same way that we look down from
a hill top and see the gleaming lights of a city.

And just as we stand on the shore and look back to the hills
and see golden windows reflecting the rays of the setting Sun,
so He looks into our eyes and sees his light mirrored there.

Oh ye once proud cities, reaching towards the sky,
What is this murky mantle that enfolds you,
What are these vapors rising from your depths,
That hover over your tall spires
Separating them from the light?

Is it the atmosphere generated by the cries of anguish and despair
Of the downtrodden,
Is it a shroud to cover your decay,
Is it a veil lain over your nakedness
To shield you from your Father's eyes?

Weep for these cities,
Ye angels hovering overhead,
And let your tears
Wash these murky mists away.
Then may light's healing rays
Shine through.

(Smog over Tucson)

Don't resist the darkness
Watch for the rising Sun.
Don't struggle in a vortex
Be the power within it.
Don't condemn your ego
Teach it to know who you are.
Don't succumb to an intolerable situation
Choose to be its master.
Remember, you came to this plane
To return to God.

Oh gracious Father, look upon your lost children groping for the light.
Hear them when they call for ~~your~~ help, not knowing that they call for You.
Heal your hurting children, Lord, make them whole;
Help their unbelief.
Guide them in their coming home, show them the Way.
Let them hear your call over the noise of their busy minds.
Keep knocking at the door of their hearts--harder, Lord, harder.
Please help them, Father, they can't reach You all alone.

My Father, using my eyes
Sees each lovely child tenderly and with love,
Those who are hurting with compassion and love,
The wandering and lost with hope and love,
His beautiful Earth with pride and love,
The universe with awe and love,
The Sun with exhilaration and love,
Man with joy and love,
The soul of man with desire and love.

When I look at God's glorious world with love,
My Father, through the windows of my soul,
Sees that it is good.

How long the wandering in the wilderness!
The people of Israel sought their promised land for forty years.
Jesus wandered for forty days in prayer before his ministry.
For many lifetimes we have searched for the Way to the mountaintop.
Must man always thus wander?

Ye who are free to rise towards the light
Circle higher, ever higher as you feel the glory of the Sun.
Let yourselves move to the outer heights
Onwards and outwards go,
Till you become infused with your God.

Then call to me so that I may let go
And try my wings.

At each instant of creation
As substance takes form
In the fashioning of the things of Earth,
God manifests Himself with sheer abandon;
The experience is utter delight.

What joy must He realize
As each wave of sound and ray of light initiates its vibration,
As each flower unfolds from its bud,
As each tree bursts into leaf,
As each butterfly emerges from its chrysalis,
As each child comes from its womb,
As each spirit enters its being!

He fashions each creation;
He is his creature;
God is all.

Columbine

Proud blue lady!
Nodding in the dimpled sunlight
To your knights the tall aspen trees.
We honor you,
Our queen of the spring-decked hillside.

"Freely receive, freely give."

Everything I have belongs to God
He created it; I accepted it--
A gift to me to be used in his service
Or to give to others in his name
Thus these gifts are twice blessed
They are not possessed by me
Nor am I possessed by them.

Night Sounds in Memphis, Tennessee

SQUEEL of car brakes!
   Thank God that you stopped the rush of momentum in time.
RUMBLE of a truck!
   May you carry the burdens of the world safely to their destination.
HUM of the motor of a bus!
   Where are you going, souls of Man?
Pop can ROLLING in the gutter!
   Did you quench the hidden thirst?
Siren WAILING!
   Are you screaming in anguish as you rush past?
FOOTSTEPS!
   May you travel safely on the path.
CRY!
Never fear, God protects you.

Amidst the chaos of the world
The struggle of man to be free
The seeking to understand
The upheaval caused by the change in values
The turmoil of challenge and testing
There is the flame as from a candle
Burning in the dark of night
It is the Christ, the light of the world.

Once again there glows a star
That simple shepherds of the Lamb
And men who would be wise
Must follow.
It will lead them to the manger of their heart
Where they may behold the newborn Prince of peace
And inherit his kingdom
If they so desire.

Christmas 1973

Thank you, Father, for the little gifts--
Grains of sand on the shore
Pollen on the breeze
Diamonds on the frosty snow
Raindrops on the petals of a rose
Microcosmic cells of which all are composed
Newborn inspiration from the Mind of God.
Grant to man the vision to see the reality of these little things.

Scientists are the product of civilization using the Mind of God to delve into the mysteries of the Earth and the Universe. Little do they realize the power that they work with. Chemists delve into the mystery of the elements using the knowledge they discover to control, direct and create. Until now, because civilized man has not learned control of himself, he has been depleting his natural resources and little by little he has been forced to create chemical substitutes. He is just now realizing that the Earth is vulnerable and control of his desires and supposed needs is being forced upon him.

The world in 1973

Conversation

Oh, Friend, how simple it would be
If only you could talk to me.
Your answer I can hardly guess.
I wish that you could tell me "yes".

It's easy when I understand
The language of another land.
Now Juan will always reply "si".
But from Nanette I hear a "oui".

You smile at me and then you say,
"Pardonnez-moi" or s'il vous plait".
What are those words that you have said?
I look at you, then shake my head.

In my own land I like to chat.
I visit Greece but can't do that.
In Italy I can't be heard,
Because I cannot speak a word.

I ask, "What can a person do?"
You speak to me, I smile at you.
I shrug my shoulders, nod my head.
"Now what was that queer word you said?"

And so, my Friend, with you I plead;
One common language is our need.
You'll talk to Ali, Franz with me
When words are known from sea to sea.

Contrasts

Your daughter went to school today
In dress of flower's blue.
You made it with your loving hands--
Each ruffle, perky bow.

Her pretty curls were all in place;
So neat and clean was she;
Her bed was made, her homework done,
You loved her tenderly.

I know the angels smiled on you
When they looked down to see;
Because you were a perfect Mom
And strove so earnestly.

My little girl--(Oh heavenly days!)
Just barely caught the bus.
Her dress was clean, her hair was neat--
No time to make a fuss.

We'd had to let the kitty in
And put the doggie out.
We'd had to learn why God made stars
And why we must'nt pout.

We'd had to search all o'er the house
To find the mitten, "lost".
We'd had to do some rithmatic
"To find how much 3 cost."

I breathed a sigh and sat right down
When she went out the door.
Once more the angels laughed aloud.
I've heard them oft before.